

MISS ANNIE RUSSELL'S NEW PLAY PRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL PROVES A PRONOUNCED SUCCESS

Pure and Sweet in Tone.
Finely Enacted—Heartily
Received by a Large Au-
dience.

"Sky Farm" Pleases at the
Columbia—"The Chaperons"
at the Lafayette.
Other Offerings.

"Mice and Men"—a comedy sweet and pure in tone and engaging, diverting, and uplifting in effect—was first presented on the American stage at the New National Theater last night. The play is the work of Mrs. Madeleine Lucette Ryley, with whose kindly humor, fine workmanship, and healthful view of her fellow-beings the English-speaking people have been increasingly familiar for the past ten years. This new work is not the most ingenious which has come from her pen; but in gentleness, simplicity, naturalness, and pathos, it outranks all the others. Its enactment was entrusted to a most competent company headed by four stars—Miss Annie Russell, Mrs. W. H. Gilbert, John Mason, and Orrin Johnson. It should excite little surprise, then, that even on its first presentation "Mice and Men" proved a pronounced success.

A fair judgment of the performance can be had from the fact that the play held the interest and touched the sympathies of an audience especially notable for its size and not undistinguished in composition. During every act there was a running accompaniment of spontaneous laughter and hearty handclapping. At every curtain there were half a dozen calls for the leading actors. When the climax had been reached and passed, at the end of the third act, these demands were so insistent that Miss Russell, Mrs. Gilbert, and Mrs. Ryley were brought back to the stage a dozen times and, at Miss Russell's behest, Mrs. Ryley would have made a speech except that she could not overcome her embarrassment and ran to the wings with both her hands covering her face. Miss Russell then appeared before the curtain and, although not less confused than the author, contrived to say sweetly:

"Mrs. Ryley would be delighted to make a speech to you, I am sure—but she is an English woman, and, of course, cannot be expected to talk the American language. I hope for Mrs. Ryley, and for us all, that in our case the best laid schemes of mice and men have not gone agley."

But the most notable effect of the performance expressed itself silently—in the awakening of a kindly sensibility and sweet emotion which exhibited themselves in twinkling eyes, and while the audience was laughing and disarmed, suddenly forced it into tears. The play had all the substance and all the effect of that humor which is wit and love combined, which "has refreshed myriads more from her natural springs than ever tragedy has wasted from her pompous old urn."

The story is simple, old, and familiar through dozens of similar incidents in ancient and modern fiction. With immaterial variations it has been told by Addison in the life of Sir Roger de Coverley; by Dickens in the life of Tom Pinch; by Thackeray in the life of old Colonel Newcomb, and more recently still, in the life of Sir Jasper Thorndyke in "Rosemary." A kindly bachelor of middle age, steeped in scientific formula, is brought into close association with a young, blithe, transparent girl; he finds his theories crumbling into dust, his old heart aroused, and his life expanded beyond the covers of his books to a wide stretch of meadows and countryside; he learns that the awakening has come too late, that nature and inclination have given the young girl to one of more suitable age, and in a spirit of fine self-abnegation he places her hand in that of her young lover. There is no mock sentiment. The most insatiable mind could find in it no favor of modern "naturalism." No problem is presented which could excite the interest of Mr. Pinero, Mr. Sudermann, or Mr. Ibsen. It is merely a presentation of a great passion, beautiful and ennobling, the portrayal of character and manhood rising superior to selfishness, instead of yielding to it.

All the company is well cast. Miss Russell's role develops all the pliancy, impulse, sweet naturalness and fine womanliness which have underlain her every embodiment since the beginning of her stage career. Her task is the delineation of the charm of girlhood and she more than encompasses it. Mrs. Gilbert—whose lovable personality and long standing as a thorough actress evoked a demonstration she must always remember with joy—appears as the old bachelor's housekeeper and manifests beneath a rigid pride of distinguished ancestry and present misfortune a most complaisant sympathy for her young charge and a delightful youthfulness of heart.

Mr. Johnson is the young lover, and enacts his part with marked naturalness and force.

But the chief character is that of Mark Embury, "scholar, scientist and philanthropist." His is a temperament much like that of Charles Lamb—an unspiced, confiding nature, oblivious of self, solicitous only for the good of others, thinking no ill, uttering no complaint, accepting fortune, whether good or ill, with an equable mind, but strong, sensible, and manful withal. It is an exacting role. In Mr. Mason's hands it is completely acted.

There are the usual subsidiary parts and they are all well done, excepting perhaps that Frank Goldsmith, who appears as a light-headed, hair-brained dandy, mistakes expletive for force and shouting for elocution; but with no serious damage to the play. Last night the

performance was, moreover, a little long; but this fault and an occasional heaviness of movement will, no doubt, be entirely obliterated before the close of this engagement.

There is no need that newspapers should urge their readers to the support of such a dramatic production as this. Their advertisements will be much anticipated by the spoken approval of those whose hearts were touched and emotions evoked last night. But The Times is glad to join in this chorus and to commend the play from every point of view. It is futile to prophesy in dramatic affairs. Every such attempt creates a modern Cassandra. It may surely be said, however, that as long as the skillful repression of the actor's affluent power, the expression of sentiment which never becomes tame, the delineation of character in look, tone, and word, the unconscious drollery of eccentric humor, all combined to portray wholesome and uplifting sentiment, shall interest American audiences, so long must such works as "Mice and Men" enlist a generous and encouraging support.

From the analytic viewpoint of the critic this is not a great play. It is, however, far superior to all the analyses which critics can ever expound. It teaches us to be gentle in our bearing through life; gentle and courteous to our neighbor; gentle in dealing with his follies and weaknesses; gentle in treating his opposition; deferential to the old; and kindly to the poor. This is the "moral shut within the bosom of the rose."

Columbia.

While inclement weather had something to do with the slender attendance at the Columbia last night at the first performance of "Sky Farm," it is to be hinted that the absence of spectators was in a greater measure due to an inborn prejudice against rural drama. "Way Down East," "Shore Acres," and "Old Homestead," while successful productions of this class, were staged at a time when they were a novelty to the public, and are to be credited with merit. The rural drama is not now a novelty, and the rustic hero, the country scenes, the peculiar customs of the farm, of themselves, touch few sympathetic notes in the breast of the town-bred theatergoer, who finds all he cares for is to witness one or perhaps two such productions.

There is much that is human, however, in the rustic play staged last night, and while a familiar feature is seen in a new frame, this setting is pleasing, and affords opportunity for many character interpretations which, while they awake few answering chords in memory, find acceptance for their qualities of human nature.

A New England village tyrant, rulling his neighbors with the power of an iron will, greedy of gain, and punishing refractors of his self-imposed rule by inflicting material miseries is the chief character of the performance. The

part is well performed by Scott Cooper, who is fortunate in seldom overstepping the natural in assuming a character that could readily be made ridiculous by overacting.

Tully Marshall as Stephen Tully is excellent as a country bumpkin, impaled on the horns of an amorous dilemma. He loves the daughter, while her postmistress mother assumes his attentions as a fitting tribute to her maturer charms. Steve has a bogus "fit," notably well had, which untangles his enmeshed love affairs.

The daughter, the village tomboy, another opportunity for good comedy work, is a part fully appreciated by Fay Courtenay, who is cast for it. The role of her mother, the postmistress, is a trifle overdone by Sarah McVicker.

Francis Byrne, as "Neighbor" Nixon, a young farmer with a love affair, is wholesome, manly, and thoroughly acceptable.

The story is laid in the picturesque Berkshire hills of Massachusetts, and drags through four scenes and seven acts. The final scene, depicting a "Barn Dance," is a pretty picture of rustic custom.

The author of "Sky Farm," Edward E. Kilder, is the playwright of two dramas made successful by Sol Smith Russell, namely, "Peaceful Valley" and "Poor Relations." Under the same conditions his present handiwork would possibly be awarded a similar success.

Maj. Gen. Henry C. Corbin, with Mrs. Corbin in the orchestra, and Brig. Gen. George E. Harries, with a box party, were among those who witnessed the performance.

Chase's.

Two notable audiences enjoyed hugely an excellent vaudeville bill at Chase's yesterday, and judging by the manner in which the bill of exceptional merit was received this popular playhouse bids fair to do a land office business for the balance of the week.

The headline offerings, Mounch Toon and Mounch Chet, from far away Burma, give a remarkable exhibition of juggling a ball by the aid of their feet, bodies, and shoulders and without touching it with their hands. They were greeted with great applause and held the audience through their entire act by the wonderful control over the bouncing sphere.

The Rossow midgets, who have been seen by the Chase patrons before, kept the audience in continuous good humor, while the laughing musical skit of Bert Howard and Leona Blind made decidedly the hit of the evening. Howard is an exceptionally good performer on the piano and his comedy work is the best seen at Chase's in a long time.

The Chamberlins, who opened the show with an exhibition of rope and artist work, as once seen in the wild and woolly West, presented an act novel in the extreme, and it is safe to say that when this team has attained a clever stage appearance they will make a hit throughout the vaudeville circuit.

Chamberlin "Mr." dresses acceptably, the contents had gone down his throat.

Adair felt fatigued, sleepy, and before his thoughts could gather themselves again, he was drifting easily off into unconsciousness. The next morning he awoke naturally, and found Colonel Marcy sitting beside him.

He was weak, he was full of an aching misery, when memory came painfully back to him, as blood flows again into a limb that has been numbed.

Thoughts formed themselves slowly into sentences. Colonel Marcy was looking through the Sunday papers of last week; an untidy pile of them, crumpled by their six days' journey in the mail bag, lying across his broad knees. He did not know that Adair had awakened until he spoke.

Adair tried to say a dozen things, but the horror that came upon him left him but one word.

"Nina?" It was an imploring question. The colonel turned about with a start.

"Why, bless my soul! Are you awake at last? I have been waiting for you to come out of that nap. Is it Nina you are talking about? I wish you were half as well. Now, don't go to worrying about anything."

"How was it?" "Just as simple as anything could be. The boys from Camp Verde had been following that party of Indians for three days. They came upon them right in the midst of your little affair. The Indians scattered as they always do, but the boys managed to bring in half a dozen of them. They thought you were both dead at first. Nina was in a faint for hours—out of her head for a day or two—but I guess she's all right now."

The sunshine suddenly became sweet to Adair. The stone rolled away from his breast and a tender little smile came about his lips. She was only waiting, of course, for him to get out again, to tell the whole story. He was sorry he was hurt and unable to go down into the Canaanites just now, of course, but it would be wonderfully sweet not to go.

He looked past Colonel Marcy, through the open window, to the distant hills. Life seemed a precious thing. His thoughts made pictures.

"They look pretty bright over there for October, don't they?" said the colonel.

"October!" Adair looked at him in wonder.

"Why, sure enough, I suppose the time has run along for you, leading it away in bed. It has been six weeks, my young friend, since that Apache bullet struck you—a devilish hard time the doctor says he had getting it out, too. Don't get him started on a diagnosis; he'll talk for a week—"

The colonel was talking to tide Adair over the shock. Six weeks out of a man's consciousness is not lightly parted with.

but the "Mexican knickerbockers" worn by Chamberlin "Miss," or "Mrs." are impossible. Should she adopt the short buckskin skirt with leggings to match she would appear very much less awkward. Gillett's musical dogs made a great hit, and Frank Gardiner and Lotie Vincent won applause in a comedy sketch entitled "An Idyl of the Links," with very much idyl and very little links.

Lafayette—"The Chaperons."

One of the largest and most select audiences of the season witnessed the return engagement of Frank Perley's comedians in "The Chaperons" at the Lafayette Theater last night. When the musical comedy was here last season at another theater its tuncful score found a place among the popular hits of the day, and its popularity has in no manner decreased in its year's absence.

The music is by Isadore Witmark, while the book and lyrics have been furnished by Frederick Ranken, and with the further statement that the piece has been staged under the personal direction of George W. Lederer, it would seem that much of the responsibility for its success had been explained. However, there are more and greater reasons why "The Chaperons" still draw crowded houses—the art of the players interpreting the piece. Were they not clever the musical comedy might have been "shelved," long ago, as the book has little to recommend it, and the music, with all its "charms to soothe the savage breast," can do little toward filling the box office drawer when handicapped by an inferior libretto.

In the cast this season are several well-known players who have been identified with former stage successes, but there is one in particular who deserves everything in the way of applause. The comedienne is Eva Tangway, who plays Phrosia, the girl detective. When Miss Tangway came on the stage she received a welcome which must have been gratifying to her—an evidence of approval which was repeated continually throughout the performance.

Miss Tangway's peculiarly gymnastic conception of the role, her unique and wholly refreshing comedy and refined methods, notwithstanding the caliber of the part, are a revelation in this day of insipid ingenues and rough soubrettes. She sacrifices an unquestionably attractive personal appearance to the requirements of Phrosia until near the finale of the piece when, resplendent in a gown of white chiffon and silver spangles, she sings her "Sambo" song. Miss Tangway was compelled to respond to almost a dozen calls on her clever dance before the audience would allow her to go.

Trixie Friganza has a bad cold and was unable to do justice to her songs, but managed to extract some humor from the role of chief chaperon. Genevieve Day contributes a pleasing voice and winning personality to the role of Violet Smith, a runaway boarding school miss. May Boley's only claim to the title of "The Temple of David," which gave Walter Smart, a negro society fav-

orite, and George Williams, as Bill Bailey, a Pullman car porter, excellent opportunity to show their ability as fun makers.

Throughout the performance there was plenty of good singing and dancing. The Hammond Empire Trio sang several selections in splendid voice, and the Reese Brothers did some good juggling work. Smart and Williams also scored a hit in the sketch, "The Booking Agency."

Lycium.

Rice and Barton's Big Gaiety Spectacular Extravaganza Company, always a prime favorite in Washington, has the contract to entertain the patrons of the Lycium Theater New Year week, and right well does it do so.

A farce comedy "Brown Among the Daisies" is the opening number on the program. It introduces several catchy musical numbers with many funny situations and witty sayings. Idylla May Vyner entertains with some catchy songs as the first of the olio. Eckhoff and Gordon do well in a musical sketch. Mitchell and Marron appear as the minstrel boys. The Bell Trio please as acrobats. In buck dancing the Escher sisters win much applause. Olla Hood appears as a baritone singer, assisted by Mr. Blethen.

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CHORAL SOCIETY GIVES "THE MESSIAH" TONIGHT

Prominent New York Soloists Will Assist.

The concert of the Choral Society at the Congregational Church tonight promises to take a conspicuous place among the entertainments of the winter.

The recitals of the society are invariably musical treats, and its performance of "The Messiah," Handel's great masterpiece, has been noted among its achievements. The work has been given sixteen times, each with renewed artistic effort, until it would seem that little should be lacking in its interpretation tonight. Prominent soloists from New York have been engaged for the concert, chief among whom is Ericsson Bushnell, bass, who is not only a favorite in Washington, but a singer of recognized ability. Mr. Bushnell has not appeared here for several years, and his return will be a matter of interest to those who have enjoyed his work. The other soloists will be Nicholas Douthy, tenor, who is not a stranger to local concert-goers; Mrs. Hissem De Moss, soprano, and Mrs. Dorothy Pollock, contralto.

The chorus will be under the able direction of Prof. Josef Kaspar, who has been at the head of the society for so many years. Dr. Anton Gloetzer and Ernest T. Winchester will act as accompanists.

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM WEDS JULIE OPP

East Side Actress Becomes a Bride at Greenwich, Conn.

NEW YORK, Dec. 30.—William Faversham and Miss Julie Opp, both well known on the stage, made a brief visit to Greenwich, Conn., yesterday and returned man and wife. The decree of divorce obtained by Mrs. Faversham a few months ago prohibited the actor from marrying again in this State.

Mr. Faversham's new wife is also a divorcee, her divorce being obtained recently in England. She was previously the wife of Robert Lorraine, an English actor. The wedding ceremony was performed in the law office of Judge Burnes, at Greenwich. The couple were accompanied only by the mother of the bride. After the wedding Mr. and Mrs. Faversham and Mrs. Opp, together with Judge Burnes, returned to this city. A small dinner party was given here in honor of the couple.

The present Mrs. Faversham is a New York girl, born on the East Side. She failed to attract attention on the stage in this city, but was more successful in London, where she became a pronounced favorite. She was brought to New York by Charles Frohman and placed in Mr. Faversham's company at the beginning of last season.

She is scheduled to succeed Hilda Spong in "Imprudence," a play in which Mr. Faversham is appearing at the Empire Theater. The company going on the road, but it is said Mr. Faversham and his wife will remain here for the winter.

ELIZABETH TYREE MAKES HIT IN "GRETTA GREEN"

(Special to The Washington Times.)

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Dec. 30.—Elizabeth Tyree made her stellar debut under the management of Henry B. Harris at the Hyperion Theater last night when "Gretta Green," a romantic three act comedy by Grace Livingston Furness, was produced for the first time. Miss Tyree was warmly welcomed in the role of Dollie Erskine.

Romance, poetry and comedy are deftly intermingled in scenes that display Miss Tyree's winsome personality to advantage and form a delightful play which, in the judgment of last night's audience, seems assured of a prosperous engagement in New York, where it will open January 5.

WASH FEET IN CHURCH.

ROYERSFORD, Pa., Dec. 30.—The Mennonite Brethren in Christ Sunday afternoon observed the unique ceremony of foot-washing in their church here, the ceremony being largely attended and participated in by the members. The sermon was preached by Presiding Elder Musselman. After the female members washed each other's feet, the male members did likewise.

TEAMSTERS THROWN OFF TRUCKS BY LIVE WIRES

Horse Killed by Shock and Car Lines Tied Up.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 30.—Two teamsters were knocked from their wagons, a horse ran away, the cars in three streets were blocked, all the reserve policemen in the Tenth and Buttonwood Streets station were called out, and panic reigned as the result of two broken wires at Twelfth and Spring Garden Streets late yesterday afternoon.

James Brookshaw, of 312 North Eleventh Street, and James H. Wilkins, of 338 Darlen Street, employed by a coal dealer at Ninth and Willow Streets, were driving their wagons leisurely up Twelfth Street in the car tracks when the wires snapped. Falling upon the trolley, they caught the powerful current, and when the ends struck the ground, completing the circuit, they began to writhe like snakes.

The horses in the coal wagons stopped stock-still, trembling and snorting with fright. The drivers were shocked, one right after the other, and thrown to the street as though a locomotive had struck them. Brookshaw's horse started to run, but a policeman caught it when it bumped into a car that had been brought to a standstill by the fireworks.

By the time the guard wires had been removed the cars in Twelfth and Spring Garden Streets and Ridge Avenue were blocked for squares, and the policemen had all they could do to handle the crowd that assembled.

As the trolley repair wagon was on its way back to the stables after replacing the guard wires a similar wire at Thirteenth and Green Streets broke and, striking one of the horses, killed it instantly. The men were not hurt.

Brookshaw and Wilkins were not seriously hurt, and were able to climb on their wagons again and drive away.

MEETING OF AMERICAN FORESTRY ASSOCIATION

Secretary Wilson to Preside at the Sessions Tomorrow.

The twenty-first annual meeting of the American Forestry Association will be held in this city tomorrow. There will be two sessions, the first opening at 10:30 a. m., at which the president of the association, Hon. James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, will preside. This will be a business session, and will include the report of the board of directors, the treasurer's report, and the election of officers. An informal luncheon will then be tendered the visiting members by the resident members of the association.

At the afternoon session a number of papers will be read by men prominent in the forest work of the country. Among the speakers will be George B. Sudworth, Overton W. Price, F. E. Olmstead, and William L. Hall, of the Bureau of Forestry; Dr. B. E. Fernow, director of the Yale Forest Schools; Dr. C. A. Schenck, director of the Biltmore Forest School; Philbert Roth, chief of Division of Forest Reserves, General Land Office, and Dr. Charles E. Bessy, of the University of Nebraska. The meeting will take place in the Atlantic Building, on F Street.

TWO GIRLS AND BOY DROWNED.

GAINESBORO, Tenn., Dec. 30.—While attempting to cross Cumberland River, near here, Miss Verdi Rich, Miss Hattie Rose, and Walter Rich were drowned, while Rufus Bailey and Alfred Crowder had narrow escapes. The canoe they were in was overcrowded and when the current of the swollen stream struck it the frail craft swerved and rocked. One of the frightened girls jumped into the water, causing the canoe to capsize. The oldest of the party was nineteen years old.



Fantastic stories have been written of magic mirrors in which the future was revealed. If such a thing were possible many a bright-faced bride would shrink from the revelation of herself, stripped of all her loveliness. If there is one thing which would make a woman shrink from marriage it is to see the rapid physical deterioration which comes to so many wives. The cause is generally due to womanly diseases.

Lost health and lost comeliness are restored by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures irregularity and dries weakening drains. It heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness.

"It is with the greatest pleasure that I tell you what Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery have done for me," writes Mrs. Emma L. Bankes, of 1925 North 7th Street, Harrisburg, Pa. "They have done a world of good. I had female weakness for six years; sometimes would feel so badly I did not know what to do, but I found relief at last, thanks to Dr. Pierce for his kind advice. I have this medicine still in my house and will always keep it."

If you are led to the purchase of "Favorite Prescription" because of its remarkable cures of other women, do not accept a substitute which has none of these cures to its credit.

Free. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Or for cloth-bound volume send 51 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

AN ARMY BRIDE — ROMANCE AND RIVALRY — AT A FRONTIER FORT — By Lieut. JOHN LLOYD.

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THIS STORY WAS BEGUN WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

Nina Wentworth, dark and beautiful, a New York belle of two seasons, is visiting her cousin, Mary Marcy, blonde and pretty, at Fort Huachuca, in Arizona, where Mary's father, Colonel Marcy, is in command. Nina is loved by Kader Roman, a young civilian, once wealthy, but now owning only a mine which refuses to pan out. Nina is loved by Lieutenant Hecker, a handsome, dashing officer, who is carrying on an intrigue with a Mexican girl and with Mrs. Savage, wife of a rich and rather vulgar mine owner of Tombstone. She is also loved by Captain Adair, a brave but rather shy man, who finds, however, that all his customary difficulties vanish when in Nina's presence. Hecker gives a dance at his quarters, to which comes Mrs. Savage, to find herself out by Nina, who, however, prefers Adair. Strolling with him in the moonlight, she looks up at his face and he holds her to his breast. Adair is away for three weeks, and, returning, happens to meet Nina in Tombstone, whether she and other fort ladies have come to attend a party given by Mrs. Savage. Adair announces that he is ordered on active service against the Indians. Nina is in despair. She consents to an immediate marriage. Nina thinks that if they are married Adair will leave the army immediately. Adair has no such idea. They go to a clergyman, whose son, under the name of Mellicham, is serving as an enlisted man at the fort. Mellicham has a bad record in private life, but has made himself useful to Lieutenant Hecker. He dislikes Adair, who has prevented his promotion to sergeant. He is visiting his father, who is a mine owner, and is married, and is an unswerving witness of the ceremony. Adair and Nina ride to the fort by moonlight. Adair, alarmed by signal fires on the mountains, feels for his revolver, fearing an attack by roving Apaches.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued).

"Would You Kill Me?"

"ROBERT," Nina said, with an infection that showed her thoughts had been wandering far, "we will go to the south of France for the winter. It is lovely in October, and by Christmas we may get down to Nice. It will make a beautiful wedding journey."

"Next year, perhaps, my dearest."

"This year. Why not this year?" Her voice was raised anxiously.

"Because this year I must go down into the Canaanites and fight Indians. Would you have me leave my profession like a coward just when danger comes? Surely you do not think you have married such a man as that?"

"Am I nothing to you?"

"You are everything to me. Oh, Nina, think! You would not have me do such a thing. I want to help put down the uprising. Think of the men who lie down at night, not knowing whether they or their loved ones will see the light or not. It is not only means death, it means horrors I cannot speak into your ears. I must stay and do my duty here."

He spoke passionately, his hand on the revolver that he feared he might have to put to so terrible a use. In every fiber of his soul he felt the Indian outrages as he had never felt them before.

To Nina there was nothing visible except the danger to her husband. Her soul rose in protest against his leaving at all. To leave her to go into danger—it must not be.

"I married you, expecting you to stay with me. If you do not, I will go away, and you shall never see me again."

She was ready to say anything to keep him, and then she herself was appalled by the picture she had made. "Robert, my darling, stay!"

She reached out her hand and laid it on his, her face pleading into his. They were passing under the shadow of some rocks which came out over the road. The moon struck Nina's face for the last time with that look of sorrowful entreaty in her eyes.

Adair's horse gave a violent lurch across the road. Nina's horse stood still for an instant and then leaped. Adair's heart was still. The horses had given the unmistakable Indian signal.

He dug his spurs in and flew after Nina, only to hear yells and see her surrounded by a dozen of the black, lowering brutes.

"Save me! Save me!" she screamed, throwing her hands toward him.

He took the revolver from his holster and made a careful aim at her heart. She saw the muzzle pointing toward her and threw back her hands.

"Would you kill me?"

He heard it through the melody of Apache cries. His arm was knocked up by a savage at his side and he felt back—his revolver exploding in the air, a rifle bullet crashing through his body.

CHAPTER VIII.

Adair's Awakening.

It was soft, still noon when Adair opened his eyes again to consciousness and light. It was a consciousness almost as dull as the day. The blinds were drawn aside, making a dusk in the room and the first image upon his eyes was the cross bars of sunlight which came through the slats and lay in yellow lines across the clean, bare floor. Adair did not know where he was, and he did not care. His bed, the narrow, low, iron one of the soldier, of the hospital, was white and fresh. A little stand beside him held some bottles, a glass and spoon, and a plate with a bunch of grapes.

The odor of the grapes was the first thing that came to Adair. It seemed to him dimly that his surroundings were not strange, that he had been there a long time, and then, with a sharp contraction of his throat, a feeling like a stone had suddenly entered into his breast. He remembered. He started up on his elbow. A soft footed German, big, stolid and colorless, came up, and putting his hand under Adair's shoulder, with a gesture that seemed very familiar held a glass to his lips and tilted it until